Battle-Songs*

Compiled by Commander and Consul

Booth-Tucker.

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BATTLE SONGS

COMPILED BY

COMMANDER AND CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

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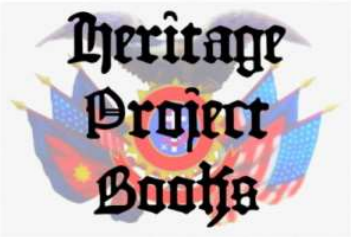
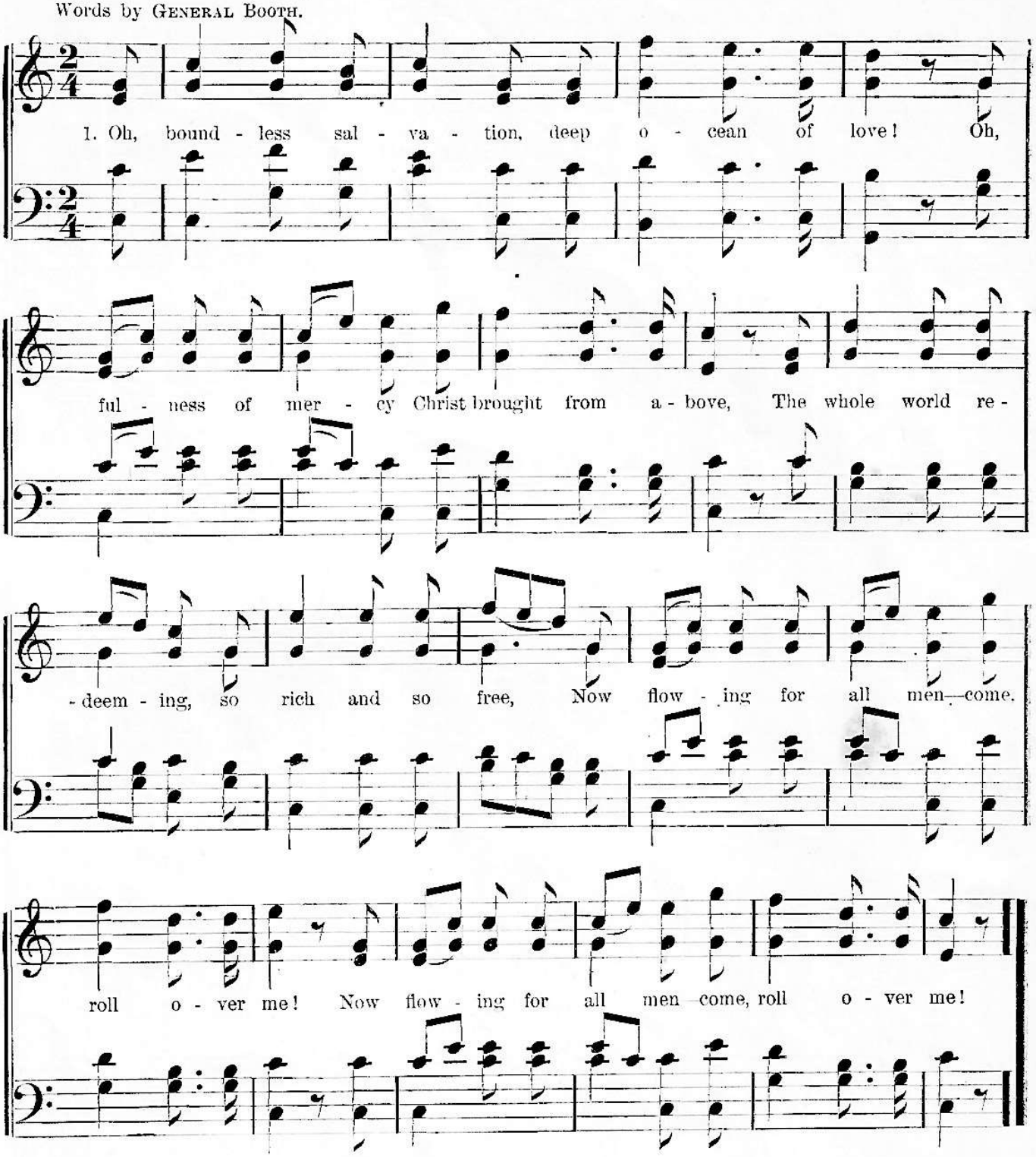


This book was priginally published circa 1896, and this digital edition was prepared in 2024.

No. 1. OH, BOUNDLESS SALVATION.

Words by General Booth.



2 My sins are so many, their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep;
But useless is weeping. Thou great crimson sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me; come, roll over me!

3 My tempers are fitful, my passions are strong,
They bind my poor soul, and they force me to wrong;
Beneath thy blest billows deliverance I see,
Oh, come, mighty ocean, and roll over me!

4 Now tossed with temptation, then haunted with fears,
My life has been joyless and useless for years;
I feel something better most surely would be
If once thy pure waters would roll over me.

5 Oh, ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood
On the brink of thy wonderful, life-giving flood;
Once more I have reached this soul-cleansing sea,
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

6 The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call of "The Mighty to Save;"
My faith's growing bolder—delivered I'll be—
I plunge 'neath the waters—they roll over me.

7 And now, Hallelujah! the rest of my days
Shall gladly be spent in promoting His praise
Who opened His bosom to pour out this sea
Of boundless salvation for you and for me.

No. 2.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

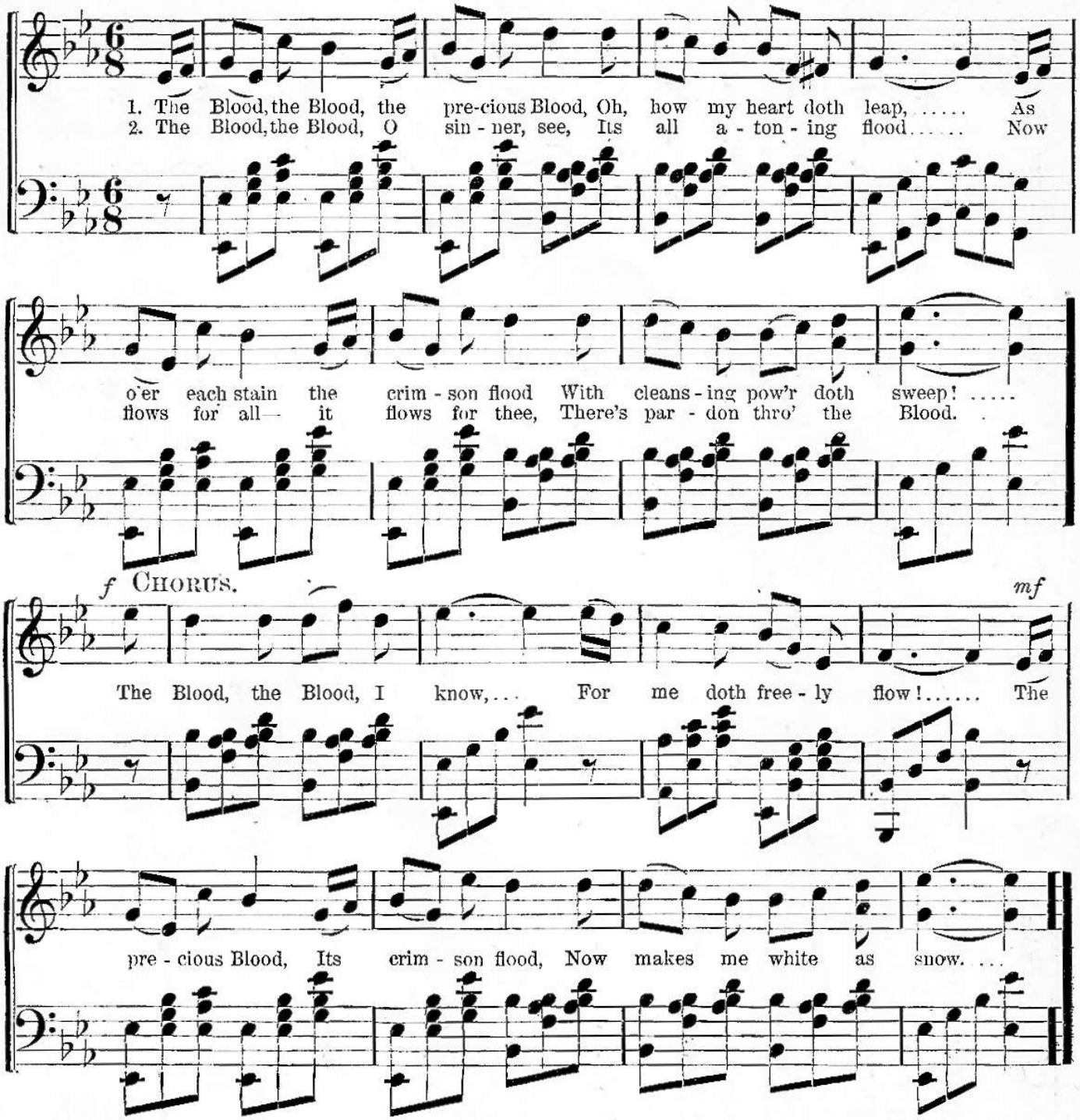
mp Moderato.

1. Tell it to Je - sus, He un - der - stands thee, Reads all the se - cret in - - tents of thy heart; Foes may mis - judge, And friends may mis - take thee, He will not deal with thee but as thou art, Tell it to Je - sus, He un - der - stands thee, What is thy gain and what is thy loss; While thou art His no harm can be - fall thee, Tell out thy heart at the foot of His Cross.

mf CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

No. 3. THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Words and Music by COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.



3 The Blood, the Blood, backslider, still
'Tis offered here to you;
Oh, bend just now your stubborn will,
Your broken vows renew.

4 The Blood, the Blood, O careless soul,
You'll need it when you die;
'Twill write your name on mercy's scroll,
If you to Jesus fly.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

2 Tell it to Jesus, He understands thee,
Knows all thy sorrows, and sees all thy tears;
Knows all the hidden powers that withstand thee,
Knows all thy tremblings, thy doubts and thy fears.

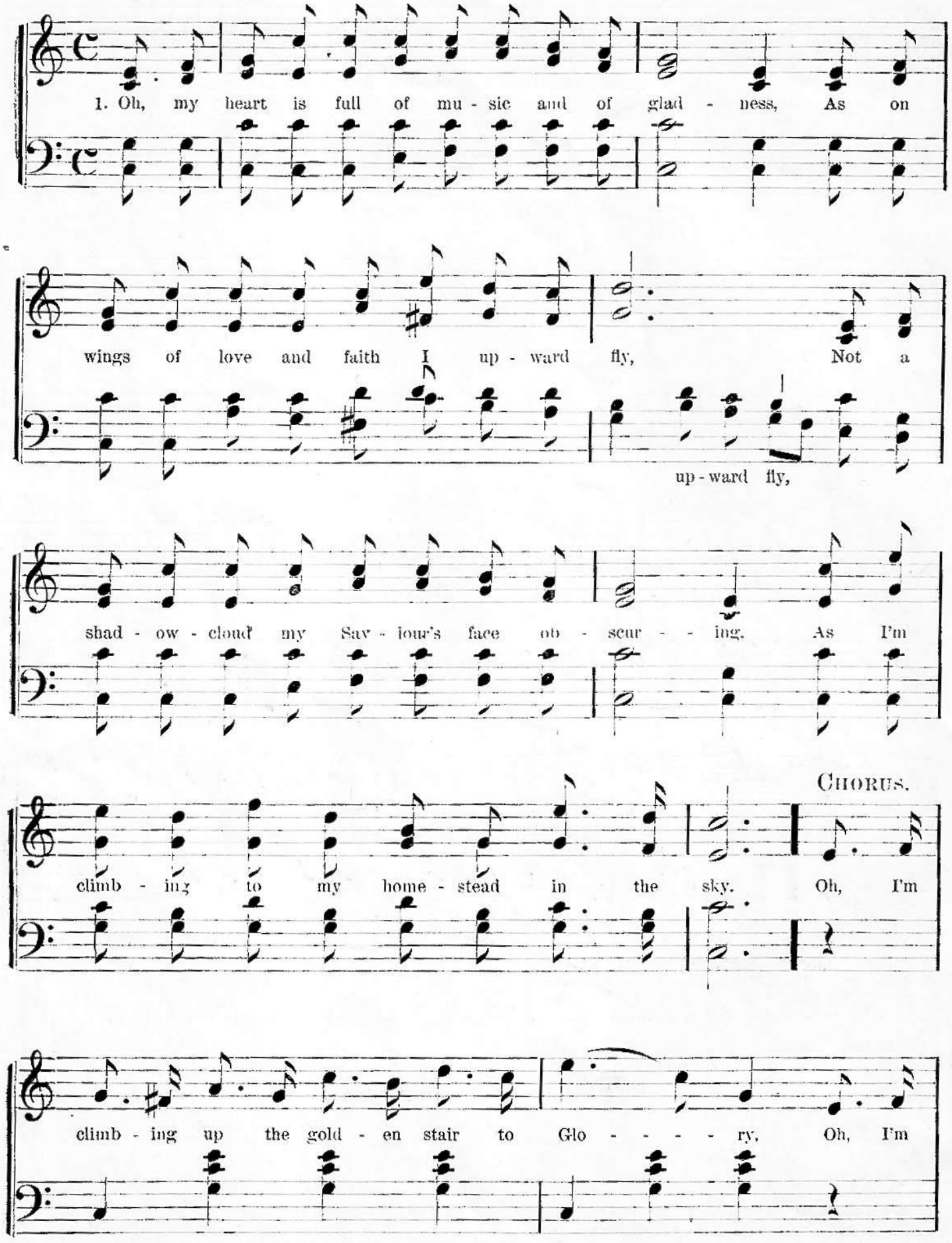
3 Tell it to Jesus, He understands thee,
He can explain every mystery of life;
He can unravel tangles that try thee,
He can speak peace 'midst thy turmoil and strife.

4 Tell it to Jesus, He understands thee,
Seeks by His Spirit to perfect thy soul;
Sorrows and trials He sends to refine thee,
Tell Him thy case, not in part, but the whole.

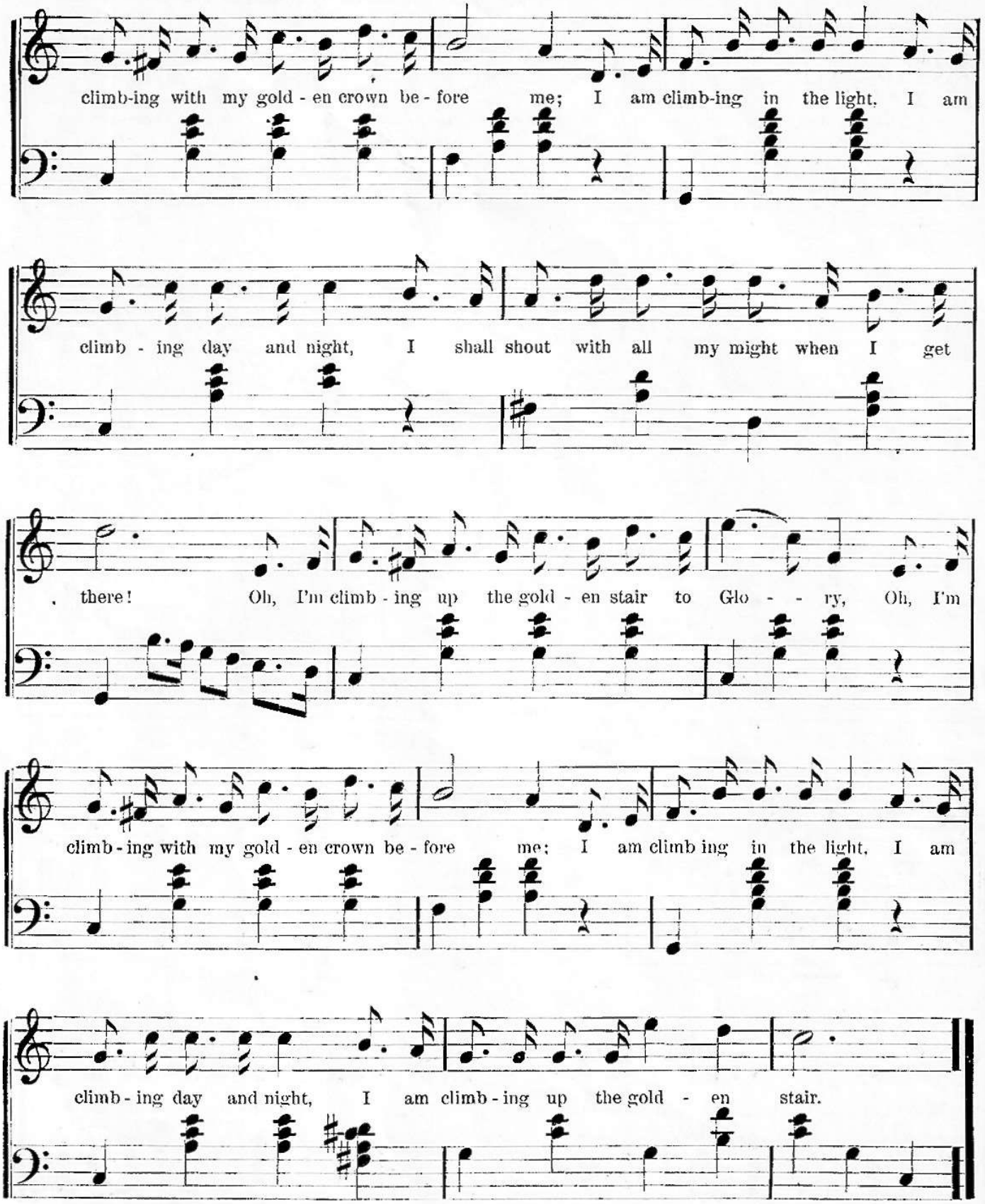
5 Tell it to Jesus, He understands thee,
Hide not thy faults, and excuse not thy sin;
For in the Day of Account He will greet thee,
Not as thou art from without, but within.

No. 4. CLIMBING UP THE GOLDEN STAIR.

Words by Consul Booth-Tucker. Music by Commander Booth-Tucker.



CLIMBING UP THE GOLDEN STAIR.



2 Ev'ry day it seems I want to love Him better,
Ev'ry day it seems I want to love Him more;
Ev'ry day I strive to climb the ladder faster,
Ev'ry effort brings me nearer Canaan's shore.

3 Oh, the joy of getting others to climb with me,
Lost, despairing, broken-hearted, all may come;
Calv'ry's love has made this stair a very wide one,
Sinner, lay your burden down, and hasten home.

No. 5. TO THE WAR!

Words and Music by Commander Booth-Tucker.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. To the War, to the War! Let us mar - shal our le-gions! Let ho - ly am - bi - tion our
2. To the War, to the War! By his fu - ri - ous driv-ing Let each Cap - tain Je - hu from

spir - its inspire! Let us claim for our King the earth's ut - ter - most re-gions, And
far become known! Let each Sol - dier and Ser - geant, for vic - to - ry striving, Join

f Chorus.

march to the res - cue with Blood and with Fire! To the War, to the War! Wave the
hands till the dev - il from earth we dethrone!

Flag, beat the Drum! To the war, to the War! Till Christ's King-dom shall come! To the

War! Bid the na - tions be - hold their "Desire!" To the War, to the War, with the Blood and the Fire!

(3)

Let each sin that hath reign'd with our arrows be smitten,
Let Jezebel pleasures be flung from the wall!
Let Salvation across the world's sad heart be written,
And Jesus Jehovah be King over all!

(4)

To the War, to the War! let no lingerer tarry,
Or answer, 'This trumpet-call is not for me;'
The good tidings of mercy the weakest may carry,
There's room for the world in love's fathomless sea!

THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

Words and Music by COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH.

p Andante con espress. *cres.*

1. Dark shad - ows were fall - ing, My spir - it ap - pall - ing, For
And when I was weep - ing, The past o'er me creep - ing, I
2. It soothes all life's sor - rows, It smooths all its fur - rows, It
It turns night to morn - ing, So tru - ly a - dorn - ing, The

mf 1. *D.C.* *mf* 2.

hid in my heart sin's deep crim - son stains lay; heard of the Blood which can
binds up the wounds which trans - gres - sion has made; spir - it with joy when all

p Moderato.

wash sin a - way. The wounds of Christ are o - pen, Sin - ner, they were
oth - er lights fade.

made for thee; The wounds of Christ are o - pen, There for re - fuge flee.

3 The current's first waking
Was when Christ was taking
A world's shame and sorrow through death and the grave;
And Angels were scheming
To make known the meaning
To the hearts of all nations His power to save.

4 Come, cast in your sorrow,
Wait not till to-morrow,
Life's evening is closing, the death-bell will toll;
His Blood for thee streaming,
His Grace so redeeming,
His love intervening will pardon thy soul.

No. 7.

GOING DOWN!

Words by Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker. Music by Commander Booth-Tucker.

mf Allegretto Moderato.

1. Go - ing down with gladness at the Mas - ter's call, Go - ing down to seek and save the
2. Go - ing down that I may weep with those who weep! Go - ing down to depths of mis - 'ry

worst of all, Go ing down to bid the sinning, sin no more, Go-ing down to point their eyes to
still more deep! Go-ing down to hearts where long has reigned despair! Going down, and, till I conquer,

f Chorus.

mf

Canaan's shore. } Blessed Je - sus! Je - sus! All the way with Je - sus I will
stay - ing there. }

f

go; Bless-ed Je - sus! Je - sus! Nev - er to His voice will I say No!

I will go;

3 Going down to share the widow's lonely lot!
Going down that I may rock the outcast's cot!
Going down to clasp the orphan to my breast!
Toiling hard that I may bring the toilers rest!

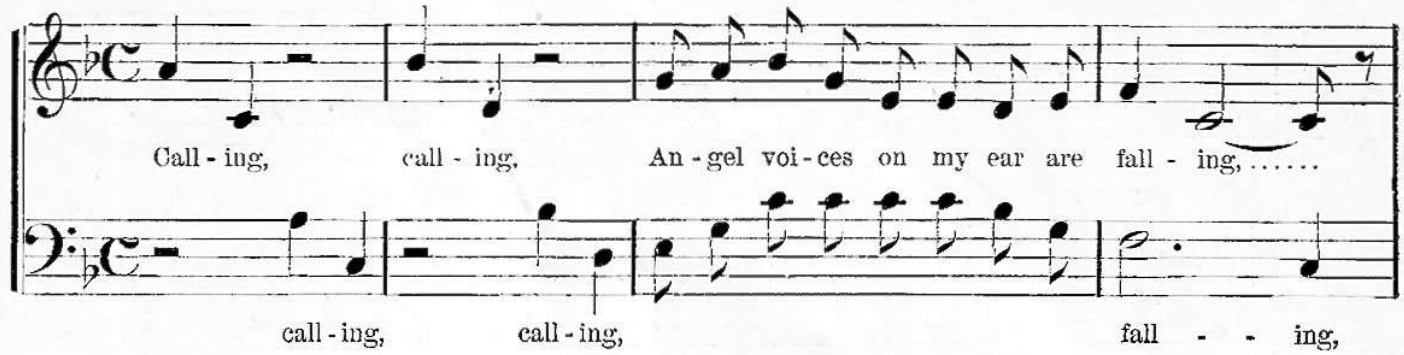
4 Going down to make the slummer's dwelling neat!
Going down to clothe the children's naked feet!
Going down where eyes of mercy seldom see!
Going down to make the poor a cup of tea.

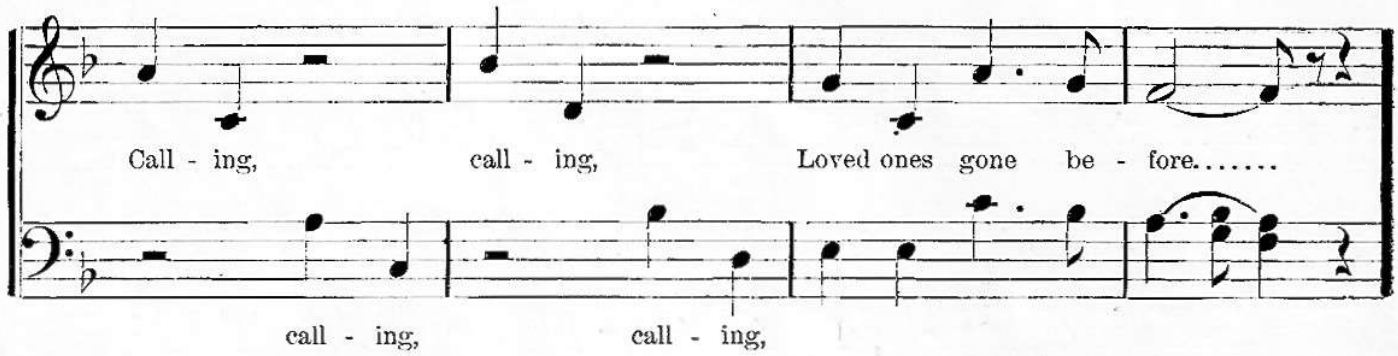
5 Going down, though sorrow's tears our own eyes stain!
Going down to watch by beds of deeper pain!
Going down, though suff'ring may our own hearts weight!
Going down when early! going down when late!

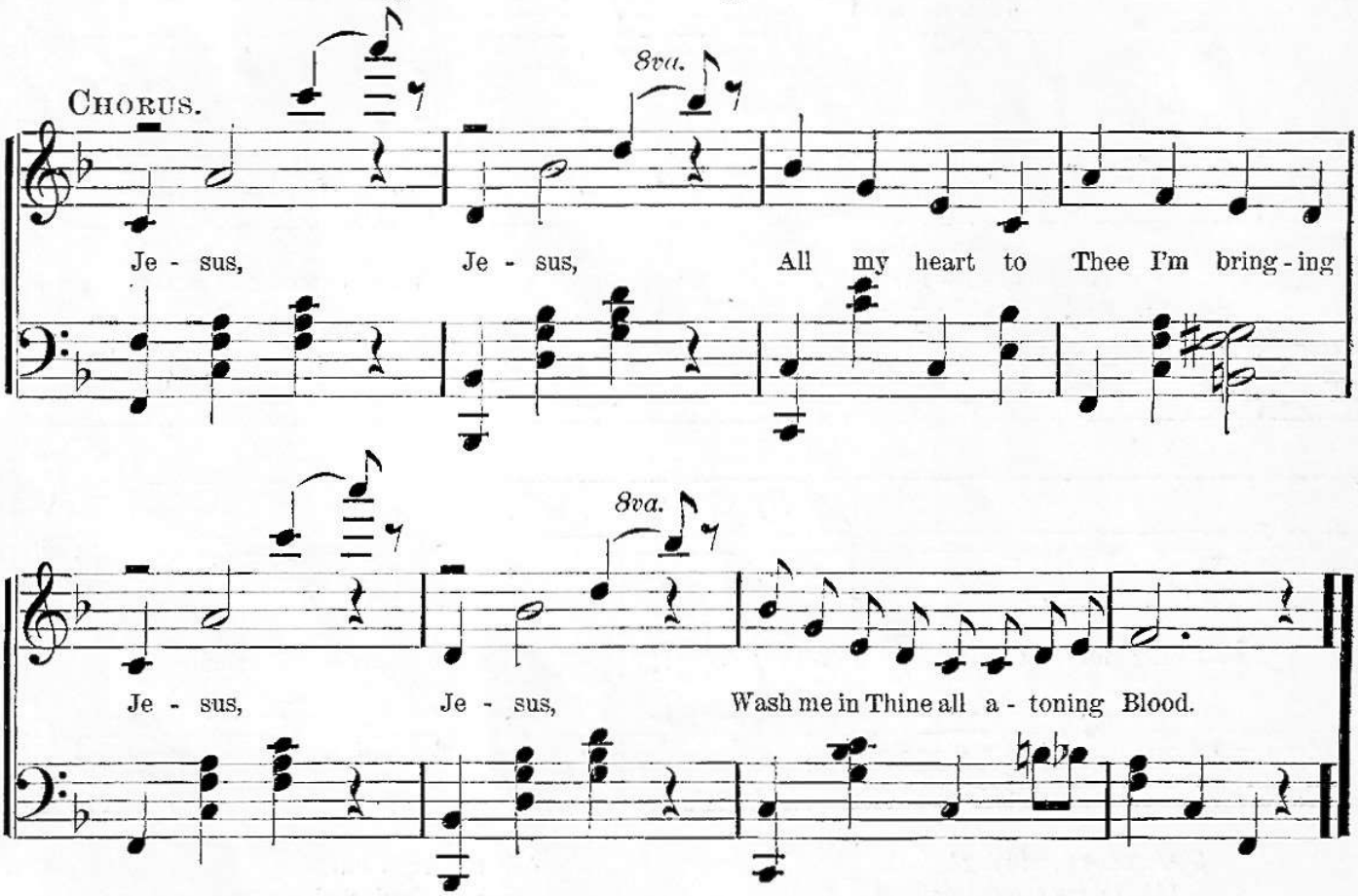
6 Going down that I may send the lost ones up!
Going down that bye and bye with Christ they'll sup!
Going down while life shall last, still deeper down!
Finding jewels precious for my Master's crown.

No. 8. JESUS, WASH ME.

Words by Consul Booth-Tucker. Music by Commander Booth-Tucker.





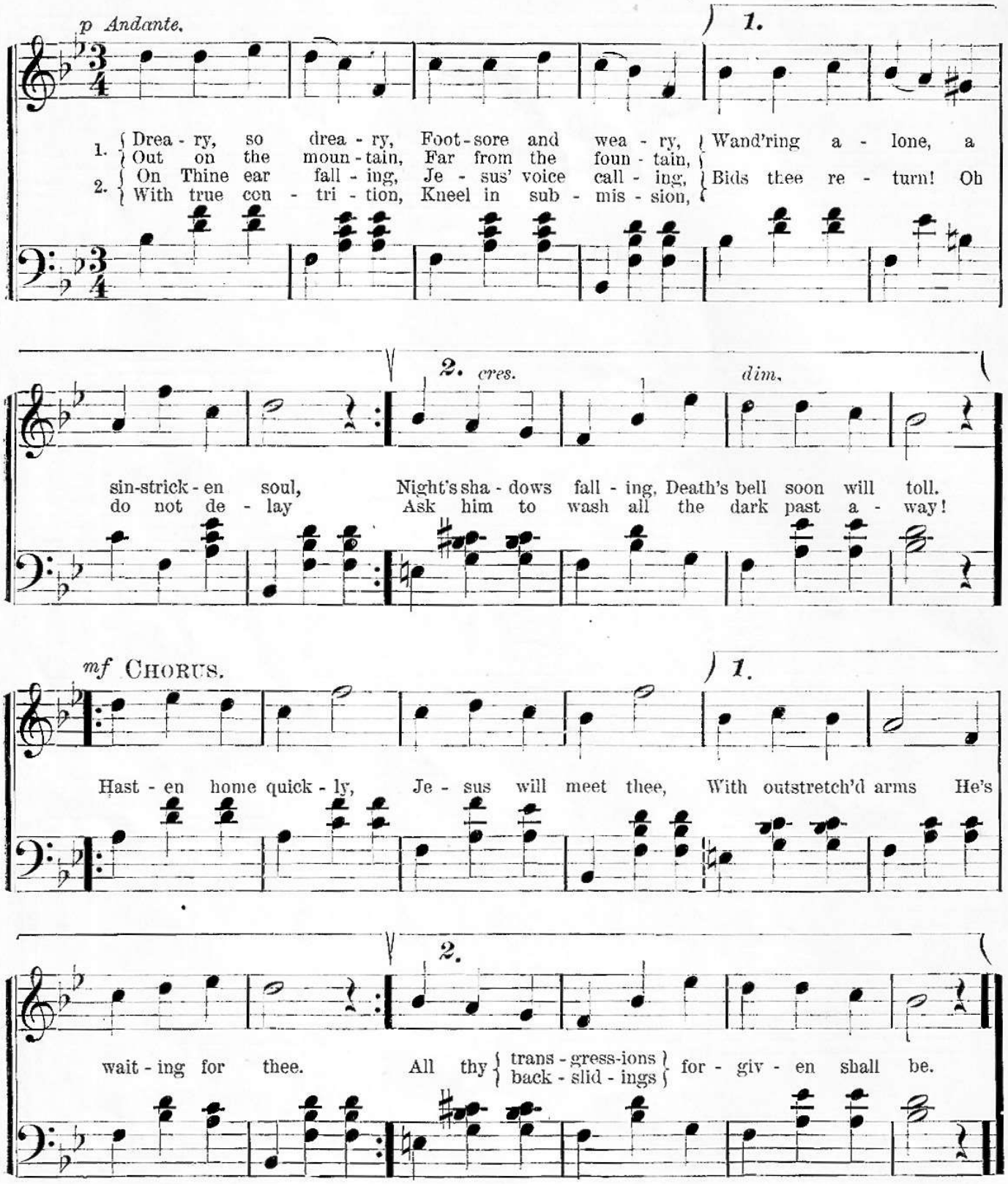


2 Sorrow, sorrow,
Ne'er again I fear a dark to-morrow,
Sorrow, sorrow,
Jesus wipes the tear.

3 Dying, dying,
When upon my death-bed I am lying
Dying, dying,
Jesus will be near.

No. 9. HASTEN HOME QUICKLY.

Words by Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker. Music by Commissioner Booth-Tucker.



3 Chances are flying!
Life's days are dying!
Soon you will stand alone at God's Throne!
All your professions,
All your posessions
Will not avail you unless Blood atone.

4 If still rejected,
Pardon neglected,
From you the Spirit will take His last flight!
Hope then comes never!
Shut out for ever!
Lost in the gloom of eternity's night!

No. 10. THOU HAST THE POWER TO HEAL ME.

Words by R. S. Music by COMMANDANT H. BOOTH

p Andante.

1. In days gone by, Lord, oft I've sought Thee, And strength from Thee my seeking brought me;

Thy form - er dealings, Lord, have taught . . me, To trust in Thee.

mp CHORUS.

Thou hast the pow'r to heal me, Thou hast the love to fill me,

cres. *mf* *dim.*

Take then the heart that I yield Thee, Make it for - ev - er Thine, on - ly Thine!

2 I look to Thee, Lord, my Defender!
Thy grace I need, in pity tender,
Of peace and light, oh, be the Sender,
As here I pray.

3 I hold Thee to the word Thou'st given,
From it by nought will I be driven,
My hope it is for earth and heaven,
As Thou art true.

4 Thou dost not weary grow with blessing,
Nor tired art Thou when souls, confessing
Their pressing need, come oft expressing
Their wants to Thee.

5 Thou dost befriend, my cry is heeded,
Thy touch I feel, the balm I needed
Has reached my soul — the lips that pleaded
Now sing Thy praise!

No. 11. ONWARD.

Words and Music by COMMISSIONER MRS. BOOTH-HELLBERG.

1. On - ward, yes on - ward, Call'd to the fight. .. On through the con -

- flict and on through the night; .. Je - - sus is near you, Ev -

- er to cheer you, On - ly press on - ward, your path shall be bright...

CHORUS.

f

On - ward, yes, on - ward! On - ward, yes, on - ward! Rush to the bat - tle,

Heed not the foe Sure of the vic - t'ry, On - ward we go.....

2 Onward, yes, onward! Hell may assail,
On though you feel that you surely must fail;
Jesus will hold you,
For he has told you
Only to trust Him and you shall prevail.

3 Onward, yes, onward! America for God,
On till its millions are washed in the Blood;
Love He has given,
Love born of Heaven,
Love makes it easy, though rough be the road.

Words and Music by COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

mp Andante.

1. There's a land of wondrous peace and joy, There's a glo - rious land a - bove, Nothing

en - ters it that can de - stroy Its sweet har - mo - ny of love.

mf CHORUS. *cres.* *f* *p*

In that land that's free from care and pain, In that land so bright and fair, — { Sin-ner, Brother, }

cres. *f*

will you meet me there a - gain? Will you meet your lov'd ones there?

2 Earth's tempestuous gales that o'er us rushed
There are changed for zephyr's breath;
Wail of woe for ever there is hush'd—
In that land there is no death!

3 Pearly gates and brilliant sheets of gold,
Crystal streams and seas of glass.
Rainbow hues our ravished eyes behold,
Power of tongue to tell surpass!

4 But the glories of that beauteous land
Dimly seem they to compare
With the glories of the Blood-washed band,
Whose sweet anthems fill the air.

5 Sinner, see, they beckon thee away!
Hasten, ere it be too late!
Enter now those realms of endless day,
Through salvation's pearly gate!

No. 13.

OVER ME.

Words and Music by COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH.

Moderato.

1. Bless - ed Lord, my past I bring, On Cal - v'ry's mer-cy ven - tur - ing; My heart is torn, and my spir - it worn, With the strife and sor - row of sin.
2. By the vir - tue of Thy grace, Thou canst my ma - ny sins ef - face; Oh, hear my pray'r save me from de - spair: In Thy wounds for me there's a place.

CHORUS.

O - ver me, o - ver me, it is flow - - ing, Down be - neath its waves I am go - ing; O - ver me, o - ver me it is flow - ing, Wash - ing white as snow.

3 All my idols now I cast
Before Thy cross, and know Thou hast
My past forgiven: By the claims of Heaven
I, through Christ, have vict'ry at last.

4 Now the Blood has set me free;
Thy grace, dear Lord's enough for me,
In all the strife of the battle life,
Conqueror over sin I shall be.

LET THEM COME!

Words and Music by COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

mf Andantino.

1. "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me! ..... Said the Sav - iour, "and
2. "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me,"..... There is room for them

hin - der them not! ..... For in heav - en My Fa - ther they see,..... And on
all in My Arm;..... In My bo - som a - lone can they be..... Safe - ly
D.S.—Where the face of My Fa - ther they see,..... And re -

FINE. *f* CHORUS.

earth too, not one is for - got."....
guard - ed from dan - ger and harm."..... "Let them come un - to Me, My dis -
joice in His in - fin - ite love."....

D.S.

- ci - ples to be, For of such is My king - dom a - bove, ...

3 Let them come in the morn of their life,
While the bitters of sin are unknown,
Unbestained by earth's sorrow and strife—
Let Me seal their young hearts as My own.

4 Let them all in My service unite,
O'er their heads be My banner unfurled;
For My kingdom on earth bid them fight,
Urge them onward to save a lost world.

No. 15. TAKE IT ALL.

Words and Music by COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

p Andante.

1. Ac - cept my youth, my strength, my prime, Ac - cept each mo - ment of my time;
   Earth's choi - cest joys I sa - cri - fice, And choose Thy smile at an - y price.
2. What - e'er is wrong I here con - fess, What - e'er is good do Thou possess;
   What - ev - er seem - eth to be mine, Oh mak it Thine, Lord,—make it Thine!

mf CHORUS.

(1.) I hear and now o - bey Thy call, And leap, by faith, doubt's high - est wall; I
(2.) My life, my in - flu - ence I bring, My treasures at Thy feet I fling, And

can - not give Thee less than all, Take it all. Lord, take it all!
crown Thee ev - - er - last - ing King, Heart and soul, Lord,—heart and soul!

3 My will, my mind, my heart inspire
With more than Pentecostal fire;
Destroy the dross, – the self, the shame,—
In love's pure sin-consuming flame!

CHO.—Into the regions of despair,
Into the midst of Satan's lair,
For dying souls to do and dare,—
Send me there, Lord,—send me there.

4 Oh, harken to our world wide plea,—
Our Army bless on land and sea!
Deluge us with Salvation's flood!
God speed the Flag of Fire and Blood!

CHO.—In Power Divine upon us fall!
To save the world from Satan's thrall,
We march obedient to Thy call,
One and all, Lord,—one and all!

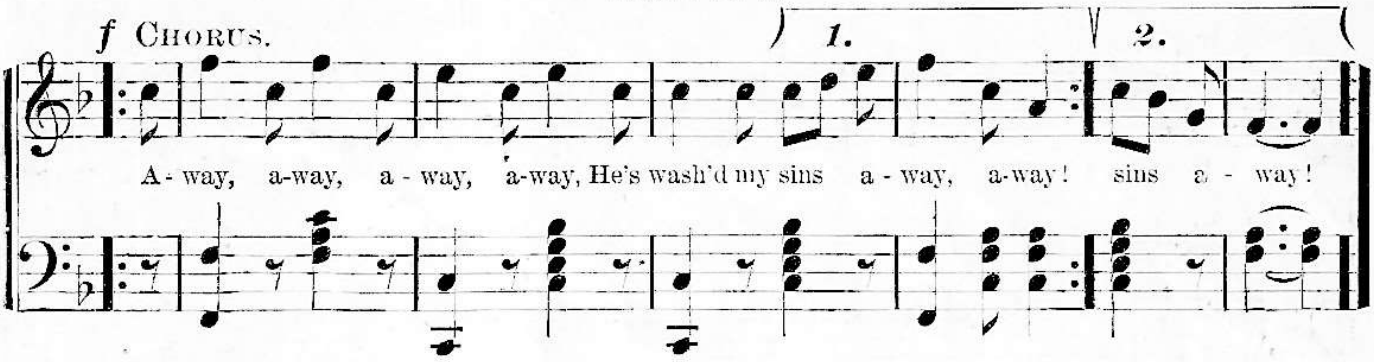
No. 16. AWAY.

Words and Music by COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

mf Allegretto.

1. As night is pierced by star - ry gleam, Day cloud by sun - ny ray....
   Thus from the Cross doth radiance stream To chase our sins a - - way...
2. What though tempta - tion's clouds may roll Till naught we can des - cry? ...
   They can - not touch the Blood-kept soul, They can - not stain the sky.....

AWAY.

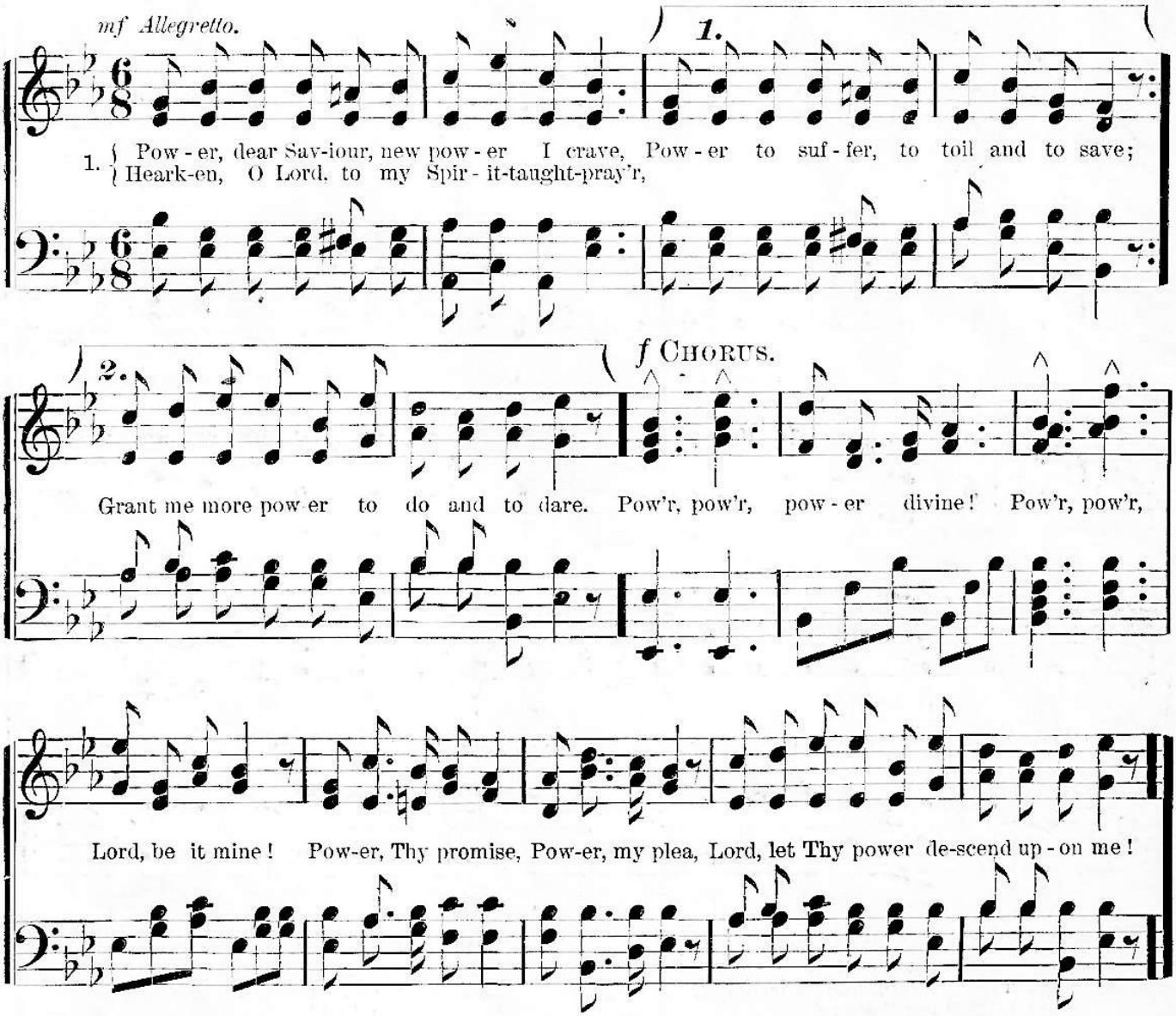


3 They cannot quench the light within,
They cannot dim its ray,
While Jesus' Blood preserves from sin,
And drives dark doubt away.

4 The Spirit's two-edged sword in hand,
We march to the affray,
A fighting, conqu'ring, happy band,
Whose sins are washed away.

No. 17. POWER DIVINE!

Words and Music by Commander Booth-Tucker.



2 What though my trespasses pardoned have been,
What though my heart by Thy Blood is made clean!
Ne'er can my spirit's thirst satisfied be
Till Thy blest power descends upon me.

3 Then, though earth's storm-waves may rage all around,
Power shall keep me in heart-peace profound;
Floods of temptation may over me roll,
Thou shalt preserve me triumphant in soul.

No. 18. THERE IS A BETTER WORLD.

Music by Commander Booth-Tucker.

Moderato.

1. There is a bet-ter world, they say, O, so bright! O, so bright! O, so bright!

Where sin and woe are done a - way, O, so bright! O, so bright! O, so bright!

And mu - sic fills the balm - y air, And an - gels with bright wings are there,

And harps of gold and mansions fair, O, so bright! O, so bright! O, so bright!

D.S.

2 And wicked things and beasts of prey,
Come not there!
And ruthless death, and fierce decay,
Come not there!
There all are holy, all are good,
But hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood,
And guilty sinners unrenewed,
Come not there!

3 And though we're sinners every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of glory reign,
Jesus died!

SALVATION.

TUNE—"*Eden above.*" B. J. 5. S. M., I., 254.

19 WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of folly,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go?
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this small house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

March on, happy soldiers, the land lies before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we'll be massed on the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

We will go, we will go, we will go, we will go—
Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above.

TUNE—"*Travelling home.*" B. B. 7. S. M., I., 400.

20 WE'RE trav'ling on to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blissful shore,
Their trials and their labors o'er,
And yet there's room for millions more,
Will you go?

We're going to walk the plains of light, etc.,
Far, far from death, and curse, and night, etc.,
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven share, etc.

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, etc.,
In rapturous songs to praise His name, etc.,
Our sun will then no more go down,
Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
Our days of mourning ever gone, etc.

The way to heaven is straight and plain, etc.,
Repent, believe, be born again, etc.,
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see," etc.

Oh, could I hear some sinner say, "I will go,
I'll start this moment, clear the way, Let me go.
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell;
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell, Let me go."

TUNE—"*Redeeming love.*" B B. 70. B. J. 26. S. M., I., 26.

21 OH, how happy are we who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up our treasures above;
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul filled with Jesus' love.

We'll all shout "Hallelujah!" as we march along the way,
And we'll sing our Saviour's love,
With the shining hosts above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all the day.

That sweet comfort is mine, now the favor divine
I have got through the blood of the Lamb;
With my heart I believe, and what joy I receive,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know;
The angels can do nothing more
Than fall at His feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long is my sun and my song;
Oh, that all His salvation might see!
He doth love me, I cry, He did suffer and die,
All to save such a rebel as me.

TUNE—"*Just as I am;*" B. J. 128; S. M., I., 73; or "*O Lamb of God, I come;*" B. J., 151; S. M., I., 185.

22 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not,
To clear my soul of one dark spot—
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each blot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

TUNE—"*Come, sinners, to Jesus.*" B. B. No. 60. S. M., I., 203.

23 COME, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay,
A free, full salvation is offered to-day.
Arise, all ye bond slaves, awake from your dream,
Believe, and the light and the glory shall stream.

For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the vict'ry again and again.

The world will oppose you, and Satan will rage:
To hinder your coming they both will engage;
But Jesus, your Saviour, has conquered for you,
And He will assist you to conquer them too.

Though tough be the fighting, and troubles arise,
There are mansions of glory prepared in the skies;
A crown and a kingdom you shortly shall view,
The laurels of vict'ry are waiting for you.

When death's shady valley Christ calls you to tread,
A halo of glory around you He'll shed;
His presence shall cheer you as faintly you pray,
And angels to Glory shall bear you away.

TUNE—"*Oh, turn ye!*" B B. 19. B. J. 86. S. M., I., 160.

24 OH, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for why will ye die,
When God, in great mercy, is drawing so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says "Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction or banish your pain,
To bear up your spirits when summoned to die,
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky.

Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

TUNE—"*Turn to the Lord.*" B. B. 45. B. J. 77. S. M., I., 97.

25 HARK! the gospel news is sounding!
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free.
Now, poor sinner, come to Him who died for thee.

Oh! escape to yonder mountain;
Refuge find in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away;
Do not tarry, come to Jesus while you may.
Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish, all may live, for Christ has died.

Christ alone shall be our portion;
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love;
All His fulness we shall then for ever prove.

TUNE—"*There is a fountain.*" S. M., I., 124.

26 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from my Saviour's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

I do believe, I will believe that Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
My Saviour's love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing His power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

TUNE—"*Oh, turn ye!*" B. J., 86. S. M., I., 160.

27 MY Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon when nailed to the tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I love Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee and dwell in Thy sight;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

TUNE—"*With panting heart*" ("*Oh, happy day!*"). B.J. 6. S. M., I., 231.

28 OH, HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Oh happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I [illegible]
Charmed to confess the voice [illegible].

Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HOLINESS.

TUNE—"*Cleansing for me.*" B. J. 45. P. W. 64.

29 LORD, through the blood of the Lamb that was slain,
Cleansing for me;
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim,
Cleansing from Thee.
Sinful and black though the past may have been,
Many the crushing defeats I have seen,
Yet on Thy promise, O Lord, now I lean,
Cleansing for me.

From all the sins over which I have wept
Far, far away, by the blood-current swept,
Jesus, Thy promise I dare to believe,
And as I come Thou dost now receive,
That over sin I may never more grieve,
Cleansing for me.

From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom,
From all the fears that would point me to doom,
Jesus, although I may not understand,
In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,
And through Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand,
Cleansed by Thee.

From all the care of what men think or say,
From ever fearing to speak, sing, or pray,
Lord, in Thy love and Thy power make me strong,
That all may know that to Thee I belong;
When I am tempted let this be my song—
Cleansing for me.

TUNE—"*Hark, the voice.*" B. B. 57. B. J. 51. P. W. 57.

30 BLESSED Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,
Power to lift my head when drooping
'Midst the angry billows roll
I will trust Thee, all my life Thou shalt control.

In the past too unbelieving
'Midst the tempest I have been,
And my heart has slowly trusted
What my eyes have never seen;
Blessed Jesus, teach me on Thy arm to lean.

O for trust that brings the triumph,
When defeat seems strangely near!
O for faith that changes fighting
Into victory's ringing cheer!
Faith triumphant, knowing not defeat or fear.

TUNE—"*What a Friend we have in Jesus!*" B. J. 28.

31 PRECIOUS Jesus, oh, to love Thee!
Oh, to know that Thou art mine!
Jesus, all my heart I give Thee,
If Thou wilt but make it Thine.

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all in all to me.

Take my warmest, best affections,
Take my memory, mind and will;
Then, with all Thy loving Spirit,
All my emptied nature fill.

Bold, I touch Thy sacred garment,
Fearless, stretch my eager hand;
Virtue, like a healing fountain,
Freely flows at love's command.

Oh, how precious, dear Redeemer,
Is the love that fills my soul!
It is done, the word is spoken—
"Be thou every whit made whole!"

Lo! a new creation dawning;
Lo! I rise to life divine;
In my soul an Easter morning;
I am Christ's and Christ is mine.

TUNE—"*Thou Shepherd of Israel.*" B. J. 170. S. M., I., 105.

32 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where Thou art.
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.
Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of Thy people's abode;
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.
'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast.
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

TUNE—"*Whiter than the snow.*" B. J. 12.

33 TELL me what to do to be pure
In the sight of All-seeing Eyes!
Tell me, is there no thorough cure,
No escape from sins I despise?
Tell me, can I never be free
From terrible bondage within?
Is there no deliverance for me,
Must I always struggle with sin?

Whiter than the snow,
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Will my Saviour only pass by,
Only show me how faulty I've been?
Will He not attend to my cry?
Can I not this moment be clean?
Blessed Lord, almighty to heal,
I know that Thy power cannot fail
Here and now I know—yes I feel,
The prayer of my heart does prevail.

TUNE—"*Take all my sins away.*" B. B. 53. S. M., II., 48.

34 O SPOTLESS Lamb! I come to Thee,
No longer can I from Thee stay;
Break every chain, now set me free,
Take all my sins away!
Take all my sins away; Take all my sins away;
O spotless Lamb, I come to Thee—Take all my sins away!

My hungry soul cries out for Thee,
Come and forever seal my breast;
To Thy dear arms at last I flee,
There only can I rest.

Weary I am of inbred sin,
Oh, wilt Thou not my soul release?
Enter and speak me pure within,
Give me Thy perfect peace.

I plunge beneath Thy precious blood,
My hand in faith takes hold of Thee;
Salvation full just now I claim—
Thy Spirit sets me free.

TUNE—"*Full Surrender.*" B. J. 3. S. M., I., 14.

35 LORD, I make a full surrender,
All I have I yield to Thee;
For thy love so great and tender,
Asks the gift of me.
Lord, I bring my whole affection,
Claim it, take it for Thine own;
Safely kept by Thy protection,
Fixed on Thee alone.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, I have given my all to God,
And I now have full salvation through the precious blood.

Lord, my will I here present Thee,
Gladly now no longer mine;
Let no evil thing prevent me
Blending it with Thine.
Lord, my life I lay before Thee,
Hear, this hour, the sacred vow,
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.

Blessed Spirit, Thou hast brought me,
Thus my all to Thee to give;
For the blood of Christ has bought me,
And by faith I live.
Show Thyself, O God of power,
My unchanging, loving Friend;
Keep me till in death's dark hour
Faith in sight shall end.

TUNE—"*I will follow Thee, my Saviour.*" B. J. 1. S. M., II., 67.

36 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every false ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour;
Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;
And though all men should forsake Thee,
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not like them, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

TUNE—"*Hark, the voice.*" B. B. 57. B J. 51. P. W. 57.

37 LOVE divine from Jesus flowing,
Living waters, rich and free,
Wondrous love, without a limit,
Flowing from infinity,
Boundless ocean,
I would cast myself on Thee.

Love surpassing understanding,
Angels would the mystery scan,
Yet so tender that it reaches
To the lowest child of man.
Let me, Jesus,
Fuller know redemption's plan.

Love that pardons past transgression,
Love that cleanses every stain,
Love that fills to overflowing,
Yet invites to drink again.
Precious fountain!
Which to open, Christ was slain.

From my soul break ev'ry fetter,
Thee to know is all my cry;
Saviour, I am Thine for ever,
Thine, I'll live, and Thine I'll die.
Only asking,
More and more of love's supply.

WAR!

TUNE.—*Gone are the days.*" B.B. 47. S.M., I. 387. M.S. VI., 97.

38 ALL round the world the Army chariot rolls;
All round the world the Lord is saving souls.
All round the world our soldiers will be brave;
Around our colors we will rally—wave, soldiers, wave.
Keep waving, keep waving, keep every flag unfurl'd,
We soon shall have our colors waving all round the world.

All round the world with music and with song,
All round the world we'll boldly march along,
All round the world to free each sin-bound slave,
We'll wave our Army flags for Jesus—wave, soldiers, wave.

All round the world the Saviour's blood shall flow,
All round the world we will to battle go,
All round the world the universe to save,
With blood and fire, with faith and feeling—wave, soldiers, wave.

TUNE—"*Come join our Army.*" B. B., 14. S. M., I., 475.

39 COME, join our Army, to battle we go,
Jesus will help us to conquer the foe;
Defending the right and opposing the wrong,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Marching along, we are marching along,
The Salvation Army is marching along;
Soldiers of Jesus, be valiant and strong,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, and enter the field,
The sword of the Spirit with strong faith we wield;
Our armor is bright and our weapons are strong,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, the foe must be driven,
To Jesus, our Captain, the world shall be given;
If hell should surround us, we'll press through the throng,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, the foe we defy,
True to our colors, we'll fight till we die.
"Saved from all sin," is our war cry and song;
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, and do not delay,
The time for enlisting is passing away;
The battle is raging, but vict'ry will come,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

TUNE—"*Gird on the armor.*" B. J. 36. F. S. 52.

40 I HAVE read of men of faith,
Who have boldly fought till death,
Who now the crown of life are wearing;
Then the thought comes back to me,
Can I not a soldier be,
Like to those martyrs bold and daring?

I'll gird on the armor, and rush to the field,
Determined to conquer, and never to yield;
So the enemy shall know, wheresoever I may go,
That I am fighting for Jehovah.

I, like them, will take my stand,
With the sword of God in hand,
Smiling amid opposing legions;
I the victor's crown will gain,
And at last go home to reign,
In Heaven's bright and sunny regions.

I will join at once the fight,
Leaning on my Saviour's might,
Who's strong and mighty to deliver;
From my post I will not shrink,
Though I of death's cup should drink;
Hell to defeat is my endeavor.

Will you not enlist with me,
And a gallant soldier be?
Vain 'tis to waste your time in slumber;
Jesus calls for men of war,
Who will fight and not give o'er,
Routing hell's hosts in fear and wonder.

TUNE—"*Never mind, go on.*" B. J. 72. P. W. 55.

41 IN the fight, say, does your heart grow weary?
Do you find your path is rough and thorny,
And above the sky is dark and stormy?
Never mind; go on!
Lay aside all fear, and, onward pressing,
Bravely fight, and God will give His blessing;
Though the war at times may prove distressing,
Never mind: go on!

When the road we tread is rough,
Let us bear in mind,
In our Saviour strength enough
We may always find;
Though the fighting may be tough,
Let our motto be,
Go on, go on, to victory!

Faithful be, delaying not to follow
Where Christ leads, though it may be through sorrow;
If the strife should fiercer grow to-morrow,
Never mind; go on!
Cheerful be, it will your burdens lighten;
One glad heart will always others brighten;
Though the strife the coward soul may frighten,
Never mind; go on!

When downhearted, look away to Jesus,
Who, for you, did shed His blood most precious;
Let us say, though all the world should hate us,
Never mind; go on!
Do your best in fighting for your Saviour,
For His sake fear not to lose men's favor;
If beside you should a comrade waver,
Never mind; go on!

TUNE—"*Shout aloud salvation.*" B. J. 2. S M., II, 46.

42 SHOUT aloud, salvation boys we'll have another song,
We'll sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as our comrades sang it many millions strong,
As they were marching to Glory.

March on, march on! we bring the jubilee!
Fight on, fight on! salvation makes us free;
We'll shout our Saviour's praises over every land and sea,
As we go marching to Glory.

How the anxious shout it when they hear the joyful sound!
How the weakest conquer when the Saviour they have found!
How our grand battalions seem to spring out of the ground,
As we go marching to Glory!

Yes, and there are Christian men that weep with joyful tears,
When our Saviour's honored, as He has not been for years,
And a full salvation drives away their doubts and fears,
As we go marching to Glory.

"Oh! they're helpless nobodies," our enemies made boast,
They forget that with us comes th' Almighty Holy Ghost,
And unseen battalions of the glorious heav'nly host,
As we go marching to Glory.

So we'll make a thoroughfare for Jesus and His train;
All the world shall hear us as fresh converts still we gain;
Sin shall fly before us, for resistance is in vain,
As we go marching to Glory.

APPENDIX.

A DREAM OF THE JUDGMENT.

Tune—'Do They Miss Me at Home?" or "Brooklyn Theatre."

G Flat.

1 I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning
Had dawned and the trumpet had blown;
I dreamed that the nations had gathered
To Judgment before the White Throne.
From the Throne came a bright shining angel,
And stood on the land and the sea:
And swore with his hand raised to Heaven,
That time was no longer to be.

Chorus.

And, oh, what a weeping and wailing,
When the lost ones were told of their fate;
They cried for the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed—but their prayers were too late.

2 The rich man was there, but his money
Had melted and vanished away;
A pauper he stood in the Judgment,
His debts were too heavy to pay.
The great man was there, but his greatness,
When death came was left far behind;
The angel who opened the record
No trace of his goodness could find.

3 The widow was there and the orphans,
God heard and remembered their cries;
No sorrow forever in Heaven,
God wipes all tears from their eyes.
The gambler was there, and the drunkard,
And the man who had sold him the drink,
And the people that gave them the license,
Together in Hell they did sink.

4 The moral man came to the Judgment,
But his self-righteous rags would not do;
The men who had crucified Jesus,
Passed off as moral men, too.
And the souls who had put off salvation,
Not to-night, I'll get saved by-and-bye;
No time, now, to think of salvation,
At last they had found time to die.

HE'S THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Tune—"The Lily of the Valley."

A Flat.

2 I've found a friend in Jesus,
He's everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
The Lily of the Valley,
In Him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
In sorrow He's my comfort,
In trouble He's my stay;
He tells me every care on Him to roll.
He's the Lily of the Valley,
The bright and morning star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

2 He all my grief has taken
And all my sorrows borne,
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
I've all for Him forsaken,
I've all my idols torn
From my heart and now He keeps me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me,
And Satan tempt me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.

3 He'll never, never leave me,
Nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do His blessed will;
A wall of fire about me,
I've nothing now to fear,
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.
Then sweeping up to Glory,
I'll see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever flow.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

G Flat.

3 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus.

Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow:
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply Thine own Blood and remove every stain;
To get this blest washing I all things forego,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, come down from Thy Throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice:
I give up myself and whatever I know,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait,
Come now and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee Thou never saidst "No,"
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

5 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy Blood flow,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

TRUSTING IN THE PILOT.

A Flat.

4 I am sailing on an ocean wide and deep,
Where the storms of time around me constant sweep;
And the wrecks that float around me as I glide,
Onward go without a Saviour's hand to guide;

While my bark is borne along the sweeping tide,
I am trusting in the Pilot safe and sure:
Storms may rage and yet no harm can e'er betide,
I am trusting in the Pilot safe and sure.

Chorus.

I am trusting in the Pilot, trusting in the Pilot,
Trusting in the Pilot safe and sure.
(Repeat.)

2 On the shore my loved ones wait and watch for me,
They have passed in safety o'er the troubled sea;
And the wind that whips the waters wild to foam,
Only drives my speeding vessel nearer home.
Soon my bark will land me safe on Heaven's shore,
I am trusting in the Pilot safe and sure;
I shall meet my friends to part with them no more,
I am trusting in the Pilot safe and sure.

3 Oh, poor soul that's tossed about with wind and wave!
Though you struggle on and many dangers brave;
Yet, when time shall end, my brother, do you think
Will you safely sail or will your vessel sink?
Jesus Christ is near to lend a helping hand,
Will you trust Him for your Pilot safe and sure?
He will pilot you safe into Heaven's land
If you'll trust Him for your Pilot safe and sure.

WAND'RING BOY, COME HOME!

Tune—"Tell Me with Your Eyes."

5 In a graveyard lonely, many miles away,
Lies your dear old mother, 'neath the cold, cold clay;
Memories now returning of her tears and sighs,
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

Chorus.

Listen to her pleading, "Wandering boy come home,"
Lovingly entreating, do not longer roam;
Let thy manhood waken, heavenward lift thine eyes,
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

2 Now the old home vacant has no charm for you,
One dear form is absent—mother kind and true,
Where she dwells forever pleasure never dies—
If you love your mother meet her in the skies.

3 Sacred vows you've broken in your wayward life,
Strongest pledges spoken, forgotten in the strife;
Hope has almost left you, wilt thou not be wise?
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

SWEEPING THROUGH THE LAND.

Tune—"With the Conquering Son of God."

B. J. 15. 7s and 11s. Key A Flat.

6 We are sweeping through the land,
With the sword of God in hand,
We are watching and we're praying while we fight.
On the wings of love we'll fly,
To the souls about to die,
And we'll force them to behold the precious light.

Chorus.

Over there, over there, over there, over there,
There's a land of pure delight over there;
Then we'll lay our armor down and at Jesus' side sit down,
And we'll wear a starry crown over there.

2 Oh, the blessed Lord of light,
We will serve Him with our might,
And His arm shall bring salvation to the poor;
They shall lean upon His breast.
Know the sweetness of His rest,
Of His pardon He the vilest will assure.

3 We are sweeping on to win
Perfect victory over sin,
And we'll shout our Saviour's praises evermore!
When the strife on earth is done,
And some million souls we've won,
We'll rejoin our conquering comrades gone before.

BLESSED BE THE NAME.

A Flat.

7 All praise to Him who reigns above,
In majesty supreme;
Who gave His Son for man to die,
That He might man redeem.

Chorus.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord;
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

2 Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of man
Once ruined by the fall;
Thou hast devised salvation's plan,
For Thou hast died for all.

3 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at His feet.

4 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the Throne,
His everlasting love.

THERE'S MERCY STILL FOR THEE.

8 Oh, wanderer, knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' lovely face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace;
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free;
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found,
There's mercy still for thee.

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee!
There's mercy still for thee!
Poor, trembling soul,
He'll make thee whole,
There's mercy still for thee!

2 Long in the darkness thou has strayed
Away from joy and peace;
Thou hast these worldly pleasures tried,
But found them soon to cease.
Without one lingering ray of hope,
In anguish thou may'st be;
Oh, listen to the joyful sound,
There's mercy still for thee!

3 For thee, though sunk in deep despair,
Thy Saviour's Blood was shed;
He for thy sin was as a lamb
To cruel slaughter led,
That thou may'st find, poor sin-sick soul,
A pardon full and free;
What boundless grace, what wondrous love,
There's mercy still for thee!

4 Though sins of years rise mountains high,
And would thy hopes destroy,
Thy Saviour's Blood can wash away
The stains and bring thee joy.
Now lift thy heart in earnest prayer,
To Him for safety flee;
While still the angels chant the strain,
There's mercy still for thee!

BE IN TIME.

Tune—"Meet Me There."

D Flat.

9 Life at best is very brief,
Like the falling of a leaf,
Like the binding of a sheaf—
Be in time!
Fleeting days are telling fast
That the die will soon be cast,
And the fatal line be past—
Be in time!

Chorus.

Be in time, be in time,
While the voice of Jesus calls you,
Be in time!
If in sin you longer wait,
You will find an open gate,
But your sad cry be "Too late."
Be in time!

2 Fairest flowers soon decay,
Youth and beauty pass away;
Oh, you have not long to stay!
Be in time!
While the Spirit bids you come,
Sinner do not longer roam,
Lest you seal your hopeless doom,
Be in time!

3 Time is gliding swiftly by,
Death and Judgment draweth nigh,
To the arms of Jesus fly—
Be in time!
Oh, I pray you count the cost,
Ere the fatal line be crossed,
And your soul in Hell be lost,
Be in time!

THEN SHALL I TURN BACK?

D Flat.

10 Lost! lost on the mountains of sin and despair,
Till Jesus in love sought and rescued me there;
He saved me from wandering and gave me release,
And led me in pathways of blessing and peace.

Chorus

Then shall I turn back into the world?
Oh, no! not I, not I!
Shall I turn back into the world?
Oh, no! not I.

2 My days swiftly passing have brought from above
So many bright tokens of mercy and love;
More grace He has given, more burdens removed,
Yes, over and over His goodness I've proved.

3 Before me the towers of Jerusalem rise,
Each day I am nearing my home in the skies;
My Saviour a mansion of joy will prepare,
And loved ones are waiting to welcome me there.

JUST TELL MY DEAR OLD MOTHER.

Tune—"Just Tell Her That You Saw Me."

11 'Twas in an Army barracks in a distant Western town,
The meeting there one night had just begun,
When in came a poor drunkard, who by sin had been brought down,
Thinking perhaps that he might have some fun.
But as he heard of Jesus' love and pardon free for all,
He sought it and the wanderer ceased to roam;
And going to his room that night, his heart all filled with joy,
He sent a message to the folks at home.

Chorus.

Just tell my dear old mother that my wandering days are o'er.
Just tell her that my sins are all forgiven;
Just tell her that if we should chance on earth to meet no more,
Her prayers are answered and we'll meet in Heaven.

2 His mother got the letter as she lay at death's dark door,
That told her of her boy so far away;
How his sins they were forgiven and his wandering days were o'er,
And that his feet were on the narrow way.
Her heart was filled with gladness as it had not been for years,
Her dear old face was all lit up with joy,
As upon her dying pillow she said, amid her tears,
"God bless and keep my precious, darling boy!"

3 Your mother's prayed for you, friend, for many and many a day,
Perhaps her days of life will soon be o'er;
Come, give your heart to Jesus, get on the narrow way,
And meet her on the happy, golden shore.
Oh, come just now and cheer her heart, while yet in life she lives!
The Saviour pleads, "Oh, do not longer roam!"
And then with Jesus in your heart you'll send a letter off,
To your mother praying still for you at home.

MY SINS ROSE AS HIGH AS A MOUNTAIN.

Tune—"Wonderful Words of Life."

G Flat.

12 I've heard of a Saviour whose love was so strong,
He loved a poor sinner like me;
He turned His back on the glorified throng,
To save a poor sinner like me.
The angels they sang Him from Glory,
I'm glad that they told me the story,
He came from on high to suffer and die,
To save a poor sinner like me

Chorus.

My sins rose as high as a mountain,
They all disappeared in the Fountain,
He put my name down for a palace and crown,
Bless His dear name, I am free.

2 This wonderful Saviour took such a low place,
To save a poor sinner like me;
His heart overflowing with wondrous grace,
To save a poor sinner like me.
Was born in a stable and manger,
In His own world was a stranger,
With all things did part to win my hard heart,
And save a poor sinner like me.

3 This Jesus had nowhere to lay His head,
To save a poor sinner like me;
He was a Lamb to the slaughter led,
To save a poor sinner like me.
'Midst darkness my Saviour is dying,
" 'Tis finished!" I hear Jesus crying;
My soul may go free, He died on the tree,
To save a poor sinner like me.

CHICAGO SLUMS.

Tune—"Little Lost Child."

G Flat.

13 A true-hearted Captain in Chicago slums,
Just likean angel, pure and white she comes
Into a haunt where God alone can tell
All the sin and crime within that earthly hell:
"Out of here!" said one; get out of here, I say!'
"Please, sir," said she kindly, "won't you let me pray?"
Well, if you must pray, then just go over there.
In a corner find a subject for your prayer."

Chorus.

Whiter than snow—yes, far whiter—His Blood makes whiter than snow!
Whiter than snow—yes, far whiter—His Blood makes whiter than snow!
And though they be red like crimson when we to the fountain go,
Whiter than snow it cleanses I know; it washes me whiter than snow.

2 A poor fallen girl in the corner did lie,
Round her the shades of death were drawing nigh:
"Do you know Jesus?" said the Captain, low;
"Shall I sing and pray with you before I go?"
"Yes, I once knew Jesus in my mother's home;
Now I'm forsaken, dying all alone."
She raised her white hand and said: "Oh, can it be!
Jesus, will You save a poor lost girl like me?"

3 The night had not passed when down into the slums
Angels of light in fiery chariots came;
Followed the footsteps of the Captain there,
Down into the corner where she knelt in prayer;
There they found a soul redeemed through Jesus' love,
Bore her from the slums to realms of joy above;
When Captain Johnson home to Heaven comes,
One poor girl will meet her from Chicago slums.

MY WANDERING BOY.

A Flat.

14 Out in the cold world and far away from home,
Some mother's boy is wandering all alone;
No one to guide him, or keep his footsteps right,
Some mother's boy is homeless to-night.
Search till you find him and bring him back to me,
Far, far away, wherever he may be,
Tell him his mother with faded cheeks and hair,
At the old home is waiting him there.

Chorus.

Bring back my boy, my wandering boy,
There is no other left to give me joy;
Tell him his mother with faded cheeks and hair,
At the old home is waiting him there.

2 Oh, could I see him and press him to my breast,
Gladly I'd close my eyes and be at rest!
There is no other left to bring me joy,
Bring back to me my wandering boy;
Well I remember the parting words he said,
We'll meet up there where no farewells are said,
There'll be no good-byes in that bright world so fair,
When done with life, I'll meet you up there.

3 Out in the hall there stands a vacant chair,
Yonder the shoes that he once used to wear;
Empty the cradle that he once loved so well;
Oh, how I love him, no one can tell!
Could I forget him or cease to hold him dear?
Still he's my boy as when he was here,
Though he has wandered in darkness and sin,
Bring him to me, I will welcome him in.

WE'VE ENLISTED IN THE ARMY.

Key C.

15 We've enlisted in the Army of the mighty King of kings,
And His soldiers true and brave we mean to be;
We've found His service happiness, it peace of conscience brings,
And we're marching on to set the captives free.
There are voices we can hear calling us from far and near,
Out of sorrow, out of strife, from the woes of human life,
From the drunkard's wretched home, from the land of heathendom,
There's a claim that calls for soliders to the front.

Chorus.

Oh, I do believe it, we shall gain the victory,
I do believe it, victory through the blood;
I do believe it, we shall gain the victory,
Marching 'neath the banner of the mighty God.

2 'Neath the banner we are marching, marching on to do our part,
For the powers of right against the powers of wrong;
No allurement makes us linger, not a foe can makes us start,
And the battle cry of freedom is our song.
There are wrongs we go to right, there are foes we go to fight,
There are slaves we go to free, there are crowns we go to see,
And our God in front doth go every power to overthrow,
Raise the standard, sound the trumpet, march along.

3 We shall conquer, not a foe can stand before our mighty arms;
We've the truth and power of glory at our back,
Weak and erring, sad and sinful, they shall learn to know the charms
Of the joys we scatter all along our track.
Then the lame shall leap with praise and the dumb their voices raise,
Then the blinded eyes shall see, shackled slaves shall then go free;
Then deaf ears shall be unstopped and the heavy burdens dropped,
Wave the standard, hallelujah, victory!

List of Choruses for use in the General's Meetings.

1

(B. J. 330) Come with thy sin; come with thy sin;
Jesus is calling, come with thy sin.

2

(B J 313) That means me, that means me;
Whosoever will may come, and that means me.
I am so very glad because the Master said:
"Whosoever will may come," for that means me.

3

(B M 66 "Reign, oh, reign.")
Oh, I'm glad I am converted in the Army of the Lord,
Oh, I'm glad I am converted in the Army.

4

(B J 152) The Fountain, the Fountain, the Fountain of Jesus' Blood,
'Tis cleansing, 'tis cleansing my heart as white as snow;
I'm trusting, I'm trusting, I'm trusting alone in my Saviour;
My Jesus, my Jesus, I'll serve Him wherever I go.

5

(B J 1) I will follow Thee, my Saviour,
Thou hast shed Thy Blood for me
And though all the world forsake me,
By Thy grace I will follow Thee.

6

(B J 336) Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Jesus is the same;
We may change, but Jesus never,
Glory to His name!

7

(B J 197) Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come.

8

(B J 151) Take my poor heart and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast that I may wear
The pledge of love forever there.

9

(B J 281) From my weary heart the burden rolled away—
Happy day, happy day!
From my weary heart the burden rolled away—
Happy day, happy day!

10

(B J 4) At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away;
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

11

(B J 338) For you I am praying, for you I am praying,
For you I am praying; I'm praying for you.

12

(B J 233) Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus;
Steal away, steal away home, for Jesus waits to save you.

13

(B J 58) While He's waiting, pleading, knocking, let Him in;
While He's waiting, pleading, knocking, let Him in.

14

(M S S) There is cleansing in the Blood, I believe:
There is cleansing in the Blood I believe;
For the Lord took me in, and pardoned all my sin,
There is cleansing in the Blood I believe.

15

(B J 12) Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow,
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, and I shall be whiter than snow.

16

(B J 200) It washes white as snow; it washes white as snow;
The precious Blood of Jesus, it washes white as snow.

17

(B J 45) Sinful and black though the past may have been,
Many the crushing defeats I have seen,
Yet on Thy promise, O Lord, now I lean—
Victory for me! Victory for me!

18

(B J 8, "In the Cross.")
Through and through, through and through,
Jesus make me holy;
Save me to the uttermost,
All the way to Glory.

19

(B J 219) His Blood can make the vilest clean,
His Blood can make the vilest clean,
His Blood avails for me,
His Blood avails for me,
His Blood avails for me.

20

(B J 234) Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

21

(B J 28) Eternity! eternity! where will you spend eternity?
Eternity! eternity! where will you spend eternity?

22

I'm going to spend eternity singing around the Throne,
Singing around the Throne, singing around the Throne:
I'm going to spend eternity singing around the Throne
In the New Jerusalem.

23

(M S S) I'm going home where the angels dwell,
I'm going home where the angels dwell,
I'm going home where the angels dwell,
Oh! sinner, wont you come?

24

At the end of our journey we shall wear a crown,
We shall wear a crown, we shall wear a crown.
At the end of our journey we shall wear a crown,
In the New Jerusalem.

25

(B J 329 "Scatter Seeds.") Hark, hear the Saviour knocking!
Hark, hear the Saviour knocking!
Hark, hear the Saviour knocking!
Will you let Him enter now?

26

(M S S) If I ask Him to receive me, will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till Heaven pass away.

27

(B J 328) Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome sinners home,
Welcome sinners home, welcome sinners home;
Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome sinners home,
Sinner, don't delay.

28

(M S S) Praise God, I'm saved! Praise God, I'm saved!
All's well, all's well, He sets me free.

29

(B J 122) To Thy Cross I come, Lord; there for me is room, Lord,
For unworthy me—even me.
Pardon every sin, Lord; place Thy power within, Lord,
And I by Thy grace will follow Thée.

30

(B J 225) While the light from Heaven is falling,
Sins confessing, wants revealing;
While redeeming grace is flowing,
Thou canst wash my sins away.

31

(M S S) Oh, send another Pentecost, the Lamb for sinners slain;
Quicken Thy saints, bring home the lost, revive Thy work again.

32

(B J 174) To the uttermost He saves, to the uttermost He saves,
Dare you now believe, and His power receive?
To the uttermost He saves.

33

(B J 172) All the way to Calvary He went for me,
He went for me, He went for me;
All the way to Calvary He went for me,
And now He sets me free.

34

(B J 105) Calvary's stream is flowing so free,
Flowing so free, flowing so free;
Calvary's stream is flowing so free,
Flowing so freely for me.
Jesus, my Saviour, has died on the tree,
Died on the tree, died on the tree;
Jesus, my Saviour, has died on the tree,
Died on the tree for me.
Calvary's stream is flowing so free,
Flowing so free, flowing so free,
Calvary's stream is flowing so free,
Flowing so freely for me.

35

(B J 340) Lord, with my all I part,
Closer to Thee I'll cling;
All earthly things that bind my heart,
Dear Lord, to Thy feet I bring.

36

(M S S) Dear Lord, I bring my all to Thee,
My needs as ne'er before I see;
Oh, make me all I ought to be
To bring sinners home!

37

(B J 331) Let me hear you tell it over,
Let me hear you tell it over once again,
That sweet and blessed story,
'Twill help me on to Glory;
Let me hear you tell it over once again.

38

(B J 274) Over me, over me it is flowing,
Down beneath its waves I am going;
Over me, over me it is flowing,
Washing white as snow.

39

(B J 145) I'll follow Thee, of life the giver;
I'll follow Thee, suff'ring Redeemer;
I'll follow Thee, deny Thee never;
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

40

(B J 283) The wounds of Christ are open,
Sinner, they were made for thee;
The wounds of Christ are open,
There for refuge flee.

41

(M S S) Gone is my burden, He's rolled it away,
Opened my eyes to the light of the day,
Now in the fulness of joy I can say
I'm happy I'm happy in Jesus.

42

(B J 270) Dear Jesus is the One I love,
Oh, bless His name He died for me!
His Blood now cleanses me from sin,
Dear Jesus, now He sets me free.

43

(B J 123) I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.

44

(B J 277) My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to Hell;
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Let me go, let me go.

45

(B J 55) I hear Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee.
For cleansing in Thy precious Blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE	NO.
Accept my youth	18	15
All round the world	23	38
As night is pierced	18	16
Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge	22	30
Blessed Lord, my past I bring	16	13
Calling, calling	11	8
Come, join our Army	23	39
Come, sinners, to Jesus	21	23
Dark shadows were falling	9	6
Dreary, so dreary	12	9
Going down	10	7
Hark! the Gospel news	21	25
I have read of men of faith	23	40
In the fight, say, does your heart grow weary?	23	41
In days gone by	13	10
Jesus, I my cross have taken	23	36
Just as I am	21	22
Let the little ones come	17	14
Lord, through the blood	22	29
Lord, I make a full surrender	23	35
Love divine from Jesus	23	37
My Jesus, I love Thee	22	27
Oh, boundless salvation	3	1
Oh, my heart is full	6	4
Oh, turn ye; oh, turn ye	21	24
Onward! yes, onward	14	11
Oh, happy day	22	28
Oh, how happy are we	21	21
O spotless Lamb	23	34
Power, dear Saviour	19	17
Precious Jesus	22	31
Shout aloud, Salvation boys	23	42
Tell it to Jesus	4	2
Tell me what to do	22	33
Thou Shepherd of Israel	22	32
There is a fountain	22	26
The blood, the blood	5	3
There's a land of wondrous peace	15	12
There is a better world	20	18
To the war! to the war!	8	5
We're bound for the land	21	19
We're travelling on to heaven	21	20

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